

He opened his eyes.

Silence reigned once more as he found himself in front of the bonfire for what felt like the thousandth time after getting up from his coffin. How long had it been since he was awoken for a task that he had already failed at? Weeks? Months? He'd lost track of time, if such a thing were even possible to keep track of to begin with in this blasted trash heap of a world; everything had gone to blazes, turned to ash and then kept on burning until naught were left but pitiful cinders... himself included.

Dusting off the grime from his shoulders, the unnamed undead got up from his resting place and stretched his limbs, looking around him to ensure none of his foes had gotten too close during the time it took for the flames to revive him. There were a few fellow Hollows a way's away down the dirt path, fiddling with their oversized spears and trying to keep balance after their millionth death had left them unable to walk properly with whatever else they were carrying. As for him, his body had once again reacted to the revivification the same way it always had, making it progressively harder for him to fight on without sacrificing mobility. Maybe it was part and parcel of the world falling apart at the end of the Age of Fire, but he didn't recall the legends speaking of undead growing both mindless and *larger* each time they were killed and force to revive at the nearest bonfire; yet, for whatever reason, each time he found himself at the business end of a sword swung a bit too harshly, the accursed Unkindled woke up some time later with more pronounced curves than the ones he'd just died with. It had been unnoticeable at first, but he noticed that the more souls he consumed, the more souls he brought back to the shrine and offered to his Firekeeper, the worse the results were after he inevitably got killed by something; truth be told, more souls consumed made it harder for him to die, but the unfortunate corollary to that was that whenever he *was* felled, the "additions" were far worse than the previous time. At least his armor adapted to his curves, even if it just made it harder for him to walk around each time it did, that was... nice. Somewhat.

Before his last death, his proportions were somewhere between "indecent" and "obscene", and if it weren't for the fact that other Hollows had gone through much of the same process (though to a lesser degree, given their status as, well, not being Unkindled), he might've just given up his quest completely out of sheer shame. Going through doors was already a chore whenever they were fit for actual human proportions, and more often than not he found himself with both cheeks stuck in them before he used his arms to wrench himself free; if not for his breastplate keeping said breasts in place and preventing them from bouncing, those chest-obscuring mounds would completely ruin all attempts at stealth from how loudly they slapped against his torso... something that his asscheeks sometimes did by themselves, to be perfectly fair. Out in front, it wouldn't be the first time his footwork was ruined by a cock big enough to hang below his knees and a set of balls of similar dimensions, leaving him stuck with a very bottom-heavy body that did nothing for his balance but ruin it completely. At present,

however, his size had been... severely increased, so much so that he felt like blushing if he still had a working cardiovascular system.

If his ass would usually get stuck on doors before, now it was *definitely* going to be stuck in them as a matter of course, and not just the ones made for people of his stature; given the sheer size of those cheeks, he'd probably have trouble going through anything not fit for a giant or a crowd, and the few exploratory steps he took showed them to have so much bounce that they proved to be a surprisingly effective distraction... for himself. He felt the vibrations, the shockwaves coursing through the pudge, and all he could think of was to sink his hands in there, even if through the metal plates. His breasts were similarly engorged, so massive that they now jutted out a couple of feet on each side of him and hung lower than his waist, making it hard for him to even move *at all* without kneeling his own tits... not that this would be a problem, because given the fact that his nuts and cock were mere inches away from the ground, he'd have to waddle from place to place rather than walking normally, which didn't bode well for his chances at surviving his next encounter. Sure, he now had several more pounds of steel, leather and cloth covering him, but he wasn't any stronger for it; even while moving as awkwardly as possible, the undead *still* couldn't go above half of what used to be his usual pace. He couldn't help but gulp as he stared down the shuffling crowd of soldiers waiting for him to get closer so they could very easily stab him; he *was* a massive target, after all.

... and indeed, that's exactly what ended up happening. Try as he might, the Unkindled couldn't fight against the simple truth that was his body being *very* large. Rolling out of danger was impossible, he couldn't really block or parry anything with his tits in the way, and while his improved armor did a lot of work in blocking most of the strikes, it couldn't last forever; barely half an hour after waking up at the bonfire, the would-be champion had one spear through his throat and two more piercing his midsection, leaving him to bleed out, and the world to disappear as his vision blurred into blackness.

He opened his eyes.

The bonfire was still lit, still burning as it used to, still promising a safe haven for those like him. Sighing, the undead warrior moved forward to fill up his estus flask, before realizing that he couldn't do it; it took him a while to understand why, given he was still groggy from having been stabbed to death, but after his eyes came back into focus, he immediately noticed that his tits had received a substantial upgrade to their size, now being large enough that, rather than simply spilling onto his lap whenever he was sitting down, they overflowed from it and ended up smushed against the ground on his sides and front. His armor, too, had adapted to this new reality, eschewing a singular, molded plate and transforming into a series of loosely connected, smaller metallic sections linked by leather and chainmail, and somehow still not being in any way lighter. The odd angle at which he was observing the coiled sword embedded into the bones

and cinders was explained when he looked behind him and saw his ass had burgeoned outwards so badly that each cheek was now so large that it wouldn't fit a large chair just on its own, giving him his very own, very cushiony seat. It was only after he got up and did his best to try and look under his enormous mounds that he found out his balls were now dragging heavily along the ground, his cock joining them, with each step now leaving him further and further aroused, as well as creating yet *another* thing he had to worry about. He couldn't go ten yards without having to take a rest, breathing heavily in an attempt to calm himself down; it didn't help that he could hear the faintest hint of churning liquids coming from within him, and not from below the waist either. If he looked down and saw two damp spots where his nipples were supposed to be, he was going to lose it, and suddenly he was very thankful that he couldn't even *reach* those things, much less inspect them for milk spills.

What he wasn't thankful for happened to be everything else; he was so large, so unwieldy, his proportions so exaggerated, that he failed to take out the first Hollow soldier he met. The damned soul, already quite curvaceous thanks to their own repeated deaths, made easy work of him, effortlessly dodging every pitiful attempt at being poked with a sword wielded at an odd angle before stepping behind the Unkindled and unceremoniously shoving a blade of their own into his spine... several times. This was enough to immediately kill him once again, sparing him the indignity of having to wait for his veins to dry out. The last thing he remembered thinking about before darkness overtook him was just how hard it was going to be to move after he woke up again, and how he should probably look into other career opportunities; this one was clearly going nowhere.

He opened his eyes, and saw only darkness.

Turns out his head had actually bent slightly towards his chest; that sometimes happened, almost like he'd just dozed off after awakening, so it wasn't at all surprising that, with a bust like his, this meant he'd just stuffed his face directly into marshmallow. What he wasn't expecting was for the darkness to last for so long after he tried to look up, or for the warmth to really not go away; it took an embarrassingly long amount of time for the undead to realize that he wasn't so much staring at a pair of tits as much as he had his face stuffed into them regardless of how much he moved it around. Struggling for breath, he tried to move back, only to find the way blocked by what he assumed was a similarly-massive pair of asscheeks keeping him well and truly pinned to the dirt no matter how hard he tried to move them. Wiggling his legs and finding it hard to do so, harder than even his worst projections, all the Unkindled could do was slowly, and very carefully, work his way through his own curves and try to get a feel for where everything was, then exercise the greatest of caution when using his hands and feet to push himself off the ground, needing several attempts before he could muster up the strength needed to get both his body *and* the armor it was covered with to beat the force of gravity and push himself to a standing position.

Truth be told, there wasn't a big difference between him standing up and him sitting down, at least where his assets were concerned. The easiest way to describe his rack was "floor-length", yet somehow, despite the fact that his tits were definitely touching the ground (and quite a lot, at that), he could still barely see over them, with the top of their curvature being almost taller than *he* was; hell, the undead had to physically part them just so he could look beyond his cleavage, and he wasn't even thinking of *trying* to move. Even worse, they were definitely full of something other than fat, given the faint sloshing emanating from within, and the occasional patter of droplets on the other side; each colossal mound was extremely sensitive, reacting to even the slightest of touches by sending jolts of electricity up and down his spine. Every squeeze made more milk come out, and soon enough the ground around him would be heavily stained by his own cream, courtesy of his inability to hold back the exploration of his new curves; it was simply divine how he could lean forward and use those things as so much more than body pillows, as *beds* even, with their softness betraying quite a bit of filling keeping them at a perfectly teardrop shape... of a sorts. This also helped keep his cock in a permanent state of arousal, and the only reason it wasn't already poking out from in between those mounds was thanks to the modified armor keeping it near-perfectly horizontal; it was still shoved into the cleavage, just too far away for him to do anything with it... then again, the supposed Champion was going to have a much bigger problem dealing with his new set of nuts, which had bloated and swelled to the point where they no longer fit between his legs anymore; he could feel them pressing against his (substantial) butt, and looking back... he couldn't actually see them.

His rear had clearly been the winner of his latest growth spurt, presumably because he'd been stabbed in the back, not the front? Somehow, it was even larger than his tits were; in fact, he wagered each cheek was about as big as his entire bust, a tremendous feat if he ever witnessed one, given the sizes in question. Taking a step was now something that he couldn't quantify; perhaps it was perfectly possible, perhaps it was impossible, but with an ass that big, he just couldn't tell anymore. It somehow managed to hide the immense cum factories hiding just behind and beneath it, and drew attention to the way it melted down and engorged the pair of thighs by his sides, each one so wide that what he had assumed was "big" now had to be redefined to take him into consideration. A single slap caused his entire lower half to wobble and jiggle uncontrollably, motions that refused to stop no matter how long they kept going, the metal plates weighing him down so badly that he couldn't think of any world where movement was even a remote possibility. All he *could* do was stay there and stare at himself, wondering what it would be like to do anything that wasn't standing around waiting for death to come claim him. On a whim, he took a full gulp from his estus flask, perhaps hoping that it would cause him to bloat out even harder... but nothing happened, not even a strength boost to let him carry such enormous weights. He *could* do it, but... at his size, he was a sitting duck for even the most decrepit of Hollows, and from there...

... from there he'd just grow bigger. Honestly, the thought wasn't as repugnant and abhorrent as it used to be; back when his journey first began, the mere idea that he might end up at even a fraction of the size he was right now had left him wanting to spit in disgust, for he was a *champion*, a chosen (if accursed) Unkindled who would bring order back to the world, not some disposable, overbloat sex doll for the gods to toy with. However, with each failed attempt at moving forward, with every time he died and resurrected at a bonfire, the prospect of becoming an increasingly curvaceous idol of fertility began to sound more and more attractive to him, until finally he reached the pinnacle of immobility... and suddenly it struck him as downright sublime, like it was something he should *strive for* rather than actively avoid. He knew for a fact that he would grow each time the curse revived him at the nearest bonfire, he knew for a fact that it would only keep getting worse because of the amount of souls he had consumed to increase his own strength; but whereas before he had "relied" on the actions of others to end up in that situation, and had genuinely attempted to avoid getting killed, now that he could barely walk... why shouldn't he try and remedy his unfortunate set of circumstances in the only way he could?

His blade left its scabbard, quietly rustling against the leather as the Unkindled struggled to pull it upwards and away from the many folds of his new body. It was masterfully crafted, reinforced to near perfection, enchanted to best fit his skillset and strengths; at times, he had achieved great things with it, accomplished great feats. He had slain more creatures than he had mental capacity to count, slaughtered his way through countless hordes in his quest to bring back the Flame to this dying world. As time went on and his body grew more cumbersome, the sword continued to serve him well, drawing blood, ichor and dust in equal measure, his ever-faithful companion. And now, now that he had surrendered to the growth, now that he had given up even trying and was ready to turn himself into something that would make the raunchiest of sailors blush, it would continue to serve him, in its own way. He caressed the blade, careful not to cut himself on its edge, admiring the runes written on it; he didn't know what they said, nor did he ever care to find out, but that day, they would taste of his own blood, not that of his enemies.

How big would he get? He entertained this notion in the time it took for him to angle the blade just well enough to ensure that a good shove would be all he needed to make sure he died there and then; maybe his tits would win this time, leaving him pinned beneath a pair so massive that their mere presence would inspire worship. Perhaps his balls would become so large that he'd be able to use them as a throne of sorts... until he killed himself again, that is, thus triggering yet another growth spurt. Maybe this was how one ascended to become a true god, and only then grew powerful enough to decide on one's form, tailoring it to perfection. Whatever the case may be, the last thing he felt was the sensation of a sword's tip pressing against the bottom of his chin, the hilt stuck on his cleavage to keep the blade itself nice and stationary. All he had to do was push his head down with both hands and impale himself upon his weapon.

So he did.

He opened his eyes. And would never see the sun again.